

# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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GIBRALTAR: FROM THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

*A sceptical young man one day, conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."*

HELPS.

## THE LITTLE LEAVES.

"We must go," sighed the little Ruby,  
Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold,  
For the chilly breeze is calling  
And the year is growing old.  
Good-by, quiet sunny meadows  
That we never more shall see;  
Good-by, winding brooks of silver,  
Snowy lambs and dear old tree."

From the branches down they flutter,  
Like a rainbow scattered wide,  
And the old tree looked so lonely,  
That was once the forest's pride.  
But the wind came wildly piping,  
And they danced away with glee:  
Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange,  
Soon forgot the poor old tree.

But when skies of drear November  
Frowned upon their wild delight,  
All the little leaves grew lonely,  
And they wandered back one night;  
And they nestled in the hollow  
At the foot of the old tree,  
Sighing: "All the long, white winter  
We shall now so quiet be  
Near our dear old mother tree."

*Selected.*

## GIBRALTAR.

Nothing could be more ideal than the approach to Gibraltar,—on the right the hills of Africa, on the left the shores of Spain, dotted with quaint stone towers, built as watch-towers for protection against the Moorish pirates.

Gibraltar rises from the sea about 1,500 feet: one end is perpendicular, the other end is irregular. The town lies on the western slopes of the rocky mountain. On the north is the neutral ground, reaching to the Spanish territory.

The landing must be made in small boats, as no

piers are allowed. Getting ashore is most uncomfortable for the traveller unacquainted with Oriental ways, for Gibraltar is more "Oriental than the Orient."

There is such noise and confusion of tongues, such gesticulations, men of so many nations and such variety of costumes, that the stranger is bewildered; and yet bargain he must if he is not willing to pay most extortionate prices both for his own boat-fare and that of his luggage.

The streets of the town are narrow, and paved with cobble-stones. The place is even noisier than Naples. Donkeys bray, carts rattle over the pavement, men shout in known and unknown tongues, bands play, the soldiers march through the streets to their posts; and, as night advances, the noises wax louder. I believe the people never even make a pretence of going to bed in Gibraltar.

Spaniards from Algeciras, Moors from Tarifa and Tangiers, Bedouins from the desert, Jews in skull-cap and slippers, looking like so many Shylocks, English soldiers in their red uniforms, and others in undress costumes of white, Englishmen fresh from the hand of a Bond Street tailor, tourists from all parts of the world, jostle one another in the narrow

streets of the little town. I believe all the languages of the earth might be heard in its streets.

During the war of the Spanish succession the English took it, and have since held it, notwithstanding many attacks made by the Spanish and French. The brave defence against a siege which lasted four years proved the power of the English to hold it. It is now considered impregnable; and the pride and the feeling of ownership with which Englishmen talk of "Gib" make it quite certain that, when Mr. Bright declared in Parliament that "the expenses involved in holding and fortifying Gibraltar were much beyond its value to England," he did not express the general opinion of his countrymen.

Marie C. Remick, in "The Unitarian."

#### SOMETHING EACH DAY.

SOMETHING each day, — a smile,  
It is not much to give,  
And the little gifts of life  
Make sweet the days we live.  
The world has weary hearts  
That we can bless and cheer,  
And a smile for every day  
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day, — a word,  
We cannot know its power;  
It grows in fruitfulness  
As grows the gentle flower.  
What comfort it may bring  
Where all is dark and drear!  
For a kind word every day  
Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day, — a thought,  
Unselfish, good, and true,  
That aids another's need  
While we our way pursue;  
That seeks to lighten hearts,  
That leads to pathways clear,  
For a helpful thought each day  
Makes happy all the year.

Something each day, — a deed  
Of kindness and of good,  
To link in closer bonds  
All human brotherhood.  
Oh, thus the heavenly will  
We all may do while here;  
For a good deed every day  
Makes blessed all the year.

GEORGE COOPER.

the memory of which Longfellow has preserved to us in his beautiful "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem": —

When the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head;  
And the censor burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there,  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free!  
Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath shared!  
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

Pulaski was deeply moved at this delicate attention and kindness from the nuns. He took the "banner proud," bearing it gallantly through many conflicts, until he fell mortally wounded at Savannah in 1779, and was taken to the brig "Wasp," which lay in Savannah River, where he died two days later. The beautiful crimson banner was carefully treasured, and carried to Baltimore, where it welcomed Lafayette in 1824, and is to-day in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society.

For Every Other Sunday.

#### AN INTERESTING FLAG.

BY L. J. SANDERSON.

PULASKI, the Polish count, came to Philadelphia in 1777, entering our army as a volunteer, and later was appointed a brigadier-general for doing such great service in the battle of Brandywine. He was a brave soldier, of fine presence and bearing, and Congress gave him leave to raise a body of men to be under his own command, whom he called "Pulaski's Legion." On learning one day that the wounded Lafayette was lying ill at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, under the care and hospitality of the Moravian nuns, Count Pulaski immediately sought him, carrying cheer and comfort to the wounded soldier. The history and presence of the handsome Polish count made a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of the nuns, who were as skilful in the use of the needle as in the care of the sick. They made the warrior a banner of crimson silk, with designs most beautifully wrought by their own hands, adding to it their blessing and consecration,

For Every Other Sunday.

#### A SAD CATASTROPHE!

BY WINIFRED L. BRIDGE.

"Y O' dar, Sam, yo' brack raskel; w'ats I tole yo' ?  
aint I tole yo' ober en ober ag'in ter keep  
'way frum dem dar no 'count white trash ?  
W'at yo' pappy tink, — an' 'im in de blessed lan',  
en lef' yo' on my hands, — w'at 'spect yo' showin' fo'  
yo' betters w'ats been afore yo' ?

"I 'clar' ter goodness, I feels like hit 'ould dutty  
dis yer floo' ter see yo' stan'in' on hit. Sumt'ing has  
ter be did; en I 'low es I 'll do hit, kase I gove my  
word ter his pappy thet thet ar chile sh'ud be  
brought up 'spectable, like qual'ty folks. He a'nt no  
'count 'roun' de house, allus off w'en dars enyt'ing  
ter do; en I 'se 'bout made up my min' ter sen' 'im  
ter dat ar white ledly frum de norf, w'ats keepin'  
dat school down et Oak Ridge.

"Bress my soul! ef dar a'nt Miss Fannie's washin'  
dat aught ter be right dar at her house, en dis yer  
fool nigger spilein' time ober dat no 'count chile!

"Samu'l, O Samu'l! brung yer mammy som'  
wood, en doin' yer go ter sleep on der way. I 'se  
done 'cided wat's ter be did wid yo'. Scrap up dat  
fire, en den yo' go wash yo' face. Ef I works de  
skin off 'en my han's yo's gut ter had edication, right  
frum dis berry day.

"War'n't yo' pappy deacon ob de chu'h? Hit  
war'n't no 'casion o' Bro'er Jinkins trowin' all de  
'sponcerbility fo' de 'countin' ob dem chick'ns, en  
dat ar ole sow pig, — w'at belong ter dat ar white  
man w'at keep de sto' at de corners, — on yo' pappy.  
Day neber did proove hit agin' 'im, edar; but hit  
jess look like he guve 'way, en war'n't neber no 'count  
after dey put dat are spiser'ble Jinkins in his — de  
deacon's — place. Hit do look like no 'specter'ble  
colored man c'uld be gettin' sorter fore-handed like,  
den up comes sumptin', en dars de end on't.

"I 'se done wid dese no 'count triflin' planstation  
niggers! I 'se gwine ter siterwate myself in de city.  
I 'se been t'inkin' 'bout Uncle Jakes' boy, — but den  
he's done growed man, and been libin' in de town  
long time.

"Ha, ha, ha! hit do make dis yer nigger laff, w'en  
I tink er dat story dey tells on Bro'er Toby, en he  
comin' up on Mister Landers in de city.

"Why, howdy, Sister Cynthia; I 'se powerful glad  
ter see yo'; teck a chair, now do, an' make yo'self  
comfo'ble. I 'se been so worried tinkin' 'bout dat  
ar Samu'l, en den I runs on ter Bro'er Toby's seein'  
Mr. Landers — a colored gentleman of dude per-  
swasion — in de city, w'en he were up dar. I 'spec'  
yo' all hab hearn 'bout de way dat ar fool Toby  
went on; des like he make out dat a planstation  
nigger hab nothin' to do 'cept take on de edication  
ob de qual'ty jes' by looking at 'em. Yo' a'nt neber  
hearn dat story?

"Wal, hit is dis-away. Bro'er Toby, he meet up  
along o' Mister Landers in th' city, en dey got ter  
talkin' 'bout deir famblys; en Mister Landers, he  
says, says he, 'Bro'er Toby, is yo' antcestors libin'?'  
'My w'at?' says Bro'er Toby. 'W'y, yo' antcestors,'  
says Mister Landers. 'My ant-sisters, w'at dat,  
Bro'er Landers?' Den Mister Landers, he jess laff  
in he slebe, en he say, 'W'y, yo' father, an' yo'  
gran'father, Bro'er Toby.' 'Hum-m,' say Bro'er  
Toby, 'me daddy, me gran'daddy, — oh, w'y, dey  
done been dade long time!' 'Hum, ah me, w'at a  
sad catastrophe!' says Mister Landers, 'en yo', per-  
haps could tell me w'at was de cause o' der death?'  
'W'at kill 'em? wal, daddy he wus out fishin', year  
afore las', en de boat upset, den daddy, he wus  
drowned.' 'Hum, ah me, w'at a sad catastrophe!  
en yo' gran'father?' 'Gran'daddy, he wus drowned,  
too, long time 'go,' says Bro'er Toby. 'Hum-m-m,  
w'at a sad catastrophe! An', may I ast, does yo' still  
reside near thet pond? Ef so, yo' better be movin', or  
yo' 'll get drowned too, some day,' says Mister  
Landers.

"Bro'er Toby, he shake he head, en he look up,  
en he say, 'How's yo' all, Mister Landers; yo'  
daddy, en yo' gran'daddy?' 'Ah, yes; it's a sad  
affliction to tink of de goin' off of do's yo's 'pended  
on for yo' 'struction an' situation in life; but de  
Lawd, habin' sanctified dem, deys restin' in de  
fambly ground by dair chillens an' chillen's chillen.  
Yes, my 'spected gran'father died in his honored bed,  
peaceabl' an' quiet.' 'Oh, we; w'at a sad cat-after-  
me! An' yo' daddy?' 'He died at de risin' ob de  
sun on his birfday, in de blessed glory ob de chu'h,  
on his honored bed.' 'Oh, we; w'at a sad cat-after-  
me! En den, jess es Bro'er Toby wus a startin' off,  
he holler' back ter Mister Landers, 'Yo' better had  
keep cl'ar ob dat ar bed, Mister Landers, else dair  
mout sumptin' happen ter yo'.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, he! quar w'at idjets some niggers  
can be, now, a'nt hit, Sister Cynthia?"

To have ideas is to gather flowers. To think is  
to weave them into garlands. MADAME SWETCHINE.

## FALL FASHIONS.

THE maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green.  
 She knew that she had grown of late too shabby to be seen.  
 The oak and beech and chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,  
 And all except the hemlock sad were wild to change their dress.  
 "For fashion plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling maples said,  
 "And like the tulip, I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red."  
 "The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the light-some beech replied;  
 "The marigold my choice shall be," the chestnut spoke with pride.  
 The sturdy oak took time to think. "I hate such glaring hues;  
 The gilly flower so rich and dark I for my model choose."  
 So every tree in all the grove except the hemlock sail,  
 According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.  
 And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days;  
 They wished to be like flowers; indeed, they look like huge bouquets.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

## UNCLE TOM.

BY FANNIE A. TYLER.

I have such tender memories of a little bird given me some years ago that I would like to tell the story of the pretty songster.

Uncle Tom was a canary, and one of the sweetest singers I ever heard. My brother bought him, together with a mate whom he called Topsy; and placing them in a handsome cage, took them on board the good ship "Osmanli" to sail for Australia. These feathered songsters were to become his companions during the long voyage; and very entertaining companions they proved to be. They were so tame, and knew their master so well, that he believed they understood every word he spoke to them.

After a safe voyage, and a pleasant home had been secured in Melbourne, my brother found great comfort in the care of his little friends. They knew his step and the sound of his voice, and would fly around the room, alight upon his shoulder, and pick seed from his lips. The cage rested upon a broad window-ledge, and one morning, accidentally, both window and cage were left open. The temptation was too great for Topsy. She spread her wings and flew out to the branch of a tree, and there she chirped and called to Tom to taste freedom and soar away with her among the green branches. But Tom declined. When my brother entered his room and missed Topsy, he was disposed to close the door quickly to secure Tom. But the dear little thing, as if reading his master's thought, hopped into the the door-way, and sang a song so long, so marvelously sweet, and so enticing, that Topsy, enchanted, could not resist the sweet coaxing. She flew back to her little home, and Tom was all devotion, fluttering his wings in perfect content, and cracking her seed, with which he fed her.

My brother returned to America, bringing the birds with him, and much to my delight, gave them to me. Soon they transferred their affections to their new mistress; and as I was all devotion to them, they repaid me with their songs and chirping, accepting my overtures in the same trusting, confiding spirit they had always shown toward their former master.

Sometimes it seemed to me that Tom had a soul, so plainly he evinced his affection, and his preference for me. Always he greeted me with a sweet round-

lay when I entered my room, and gave a little chirp of disappointment when I left it.

Topsy, after some months, began to droop, and tucked her pretty head under her wing even when the day was brightest, and refused to eat. One morning I took her from the cage to hold her tenderly and smooth her ruffled feathers, for she looked like a little puffy ball; and I put a seed upon my lip, and placed her bill near it, to tempt her to eat. The little thing made one feeble effort to touch my lip, and died. Darling little Topsy! I placed her upon a bed of soft white cotton in a small tin box, laid sweet violets about her, tied the box with ribbon, buried her under my window, and placed a sod of violets upon her grave.

Tom was very lonely, and I hesitated about giving him another mate. But soon he regained his cheerfulness, and his songs seemed sweeter than ever.

Then I became very ill, and was too weak to give a thought to my birdie, who was in an adjoining room. One morning, however, feeling stronger, I asked my attendant why my little bird was silent, and she said he had not sung a note since she came, and most of the time his head was under his wing. I bade her bring the cage to my chamber, place it upon a table, and open the door. Then I called him. He removed his head from its bed of down, and flew over to me. Nestling upon my pillow, close to my cheek, he pecked it gently, and kissed me as much as a little bird could, hopped upon my head and warbled a sweet song, so glad was he to see me again. During my recovery, his old-time brightness was restored, and Tom was his dear self again. Then my physician banished me for a month. I was obliged to go away for a change of air and scene; it was imperative. "But what can I do with Uncle Tom?" I asked my husband. "Oh, he will be all right till you come back," was his encouraging reply. Yet I doubted. Finally, a friend who loved birds and understood the care of them offered to befriend mine until I returned. And one day I took him out of town to his new home, giving full directions for his care, and begging her to talk to him; for I was sure he would be homesick and unhappy unless she noticed him. So, kissing him good-by, and bidding him be a good little Tom and sing to his new mistress, I left him.

A week later a letter came from my friend, telling me that my little bird had refused to eat or drink; that his head was under his wing all the time; and that on the fourth morning after I left him she found him on the floor of his cage, dead. He had never sung a note,—had taken no notice of her,—was perfectly quiet, and she believed he had died of a broken heart.

Who can say aught to the contrary? Had I dreamed of this, he should have gone with me.

*To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.*

FICHTE.

For Every Other Sunday.

## REX'S KINGDOM.

BY E. D. CHAPMAN.

REX lived in the United States, and yet he was a king, which seems strange, for we don't have kings here usually. He was five years old, not much older than his name was long, and he could be very sweet and lovely; but, alas! at times he was naughty.

One warm summer morning he got out of the wrong side of his bed, as the saying is. He began the day by being late for breakfast, because he had n't put away his shoes the night before, and so had to hunt for them. Then he tipped over his mug of milk into his lap, and had to have his sailor suit changed. This he didn't like at all, and he cried, and I am

sorry to say he kicked the floor, so nurse had a hard time with him.

He was just beginning to be happy again when his mamma called to him from the library and asked him to run up to her room and bring her a handkerchief from her upper bureau drawer. He was reading a story about a king who was starting out to fight the enemy, and he didn't want to leave the book, so he said, "I won't," and kept on reading.

"Rex, dear," said his mamma, quietly, "did you hear me speak to you?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then why don't you go?"

"I don't want to."

"That does n't make the slightest difference, Rex. Go this minute! And when you come back, bring me the story you are reading, for I have something to say to you."

He threw the book on the floor with a bang, and went upstairs, pounding on every step. When he came down again, he looked like a thunder-cloud, and was about to toss the handkerchief into his mother's lap, when she caught his hand and held him fast.

"Look here, my cross little boy, I want you to show me the book you have been reading, and tell me about the story."

Rex was surprised; he expected a scolding.

"Oh, I see," said his mamma, when she looked at the book; it is about a king, like yourself. And was he a brave man?"

"Yes, mamma, brave enough to fight the enemy, and good; he was always helping the poor."

"How would you like to be such a king, my little boy?"

"Oh, mamma, I could n't, for we don't have kings here."

"Quite true. And yet in spite of that you are a king, and you have a kingdom to rule over."

"I could n't fight the enemy."

"You might have fought one just now, but you were afraid, a coward; think of that. You know, dear, your name, Rex, is a Latin word, and means king, and your kingdom is your own self; and you can make a good king or a bad one, as you please. If you let the enemy in, what kind of a country will yours be? But if you fight hard against them, and drive them out, then you'll have peace, and make every one happy, and you'll be beloved."

"I'd like to know who my enemies are, and I'll punch their heads for them."

"Valiant little fighter! as if punching their heads would be of the least use," said Rex's mamma. "You must get rid of them. And if you want to know who your enemies are, I will tell you. To-day, Carelessness came first, and then Anger, and just now Rudeness; and you let them come right into your kingdom. After a while, as you express it, you punched their heads, which has quieted them for awhile; but I am afraid they may turn up to-morrow unless you drive them out entirely, and let gentleness, good nature, and pleasant manners come in. I think probably the king you are reading about was careful when he was a boy, who came in and took possession of himself, and so when he grew up he was wise and brave. If he had been angry and said naughty words, and been impolite, no one would have wanted to write about him, or could have told of his good deeds. It's what little boys are that make them turn out good men or bad men. And I am very much afraid there'll have to be some battles inside of you before you get rid of the enemy. Now go back and read about your king, and try to grow up as brave and fearless and good as he."

The sunshine had come back to Rex's face when his mother had finished talking, and he put his arms around her neck and whispered,—

"I'll try and fight the enemy. I'm glad I am a king."



JESUS PREACHING BY THE LAKE.

For Every Other Sunday.

## BIBLE TRAVELS AT HOME.

No. I.

BY A. E. HOWARD.

DEAR readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, I thought that you might like to take an imaginary trip to the Bible Lands this winter; for though there are plenty of books that tell about travels, every one cannot obtain them to read, because many live in small towns where libraries are never heard of, and others cannot afford to purchase them. We might call ourselves pilgrims, as they did in the olden times, when it was thought a good and holy act, pleasing to God, to visit Palestine and Jerusalem; but I think the better name would be students, for we are going on a journey to study and learn all we can. We shall not require much baggage; but one thing is very necessary,—a map of Palestine, even if it is small. So I ask each person who is intending to join this party to endeavor to procure one. As it is always well, when starting on an enterprise, to have

some place that can be considered as the headquarters, where questions can be asked and information obtained, we will consider the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY as our headquarters and general bureau of information.

Now, the first question is, where shall we meet? for the members of this party of students come from all over the world. I think the best place is Port Said. If you look on a map of Egypt, you will find this place at the mouth of the Suez Canal. Therefore, we will suppose we have all met at Port Said, and we will make acquaintance with each other as quickly as possible, for the steamer on which we are to embark is ready to take us to Jaffa, our first stopping-place.

And now, as we start on this our imaginary journey, let us try to feel that we shall indeed sojourn in a country that has become sacred by history and associations and by legends. We shall consult many books of travel, written by those who have in reality trodden the ground once trodden by the patriarchs and leaders of Bible times, and by the Christ.

During our sail from Port Said to Jaffa, we will take our maps and study up the geography of the country. Palestine, you will see, is bounded by the River Leonetes and Mounts Lebanon and Hermon on the north; by the Syrian desert on the east; the Arabian desert on the south; and the Mediterranean Sea on the west. Its oldest name was Canaan, and it was also called the Land of Promise, the Land of Judah, the Land of Israel; and after the Captivity it was called the Holy Land (Zech. ii. 12).

The word Palestine comes from the Latin *Palestina*, meaning the land of the Philistines. The ancient Hebrews gave it the name of Peleseth, and to them it meant only Philistia, while the Greeks gave this designation to the whole land.

Judea, the largest province, originally meant that part given four of the tribes of Israel. After Solomon's death, it meant the Southern Kingdom; but when the Northern Kingdom went into captivity, it meant all Palestine.

Now, if you will look on your map, you will see Palestine is much isolated by its physical features. Notice how small a country it is, and remember it was once surrounded by hostile nations, and you will perceive what the natural fortifications of mountains, ravines, and the sea, must have been to the people. With Lebanon on the north, deserts on the east and south, and the sea on the west, they were protected, in a measure, from the wild hordes, both man and beast, that surrounded them.

From Tyre to Gaza, a strip of yellow sand lies on the coast of the sea. This is the Maritime Plain. At Tyre its width is but little more than two miles. The Belus and Kishon Rivers flow across to the sea; while beyond the latter the plain is broken by Mount Carmel, but from there widens, and at Gaza reaches a width of twenty miles. Much of it is bleak and desolate, save around Jaffa, and a few other places where there are rich orchards and cornfields. From Caesarea to Jaffa it takes the name of the Plain of Sharon; then it is Philistia.

Now let us look at the bodies of water. Here is the coast line, one hundred and eighty miles; here, the Jordan line. As we shall spend a day on the banks of this river, studying its beauty and recalling the events that have made it sacred, we will only glance at it now, remembering its length is one hundred and twenty miles; but it has many windings, which increase its length sixty miles.

Our next point of interest is the Mediterranean or Great Sea. You will notice that the Jews were not a sea-faring people, though living within sight of this sea; yet their poetry and literature is filled with images of the great waters. How familiar the words, "Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof," and "They that go down to the sea in ships"! We shall learn more of this body of water when we visit the cities on the coast.

The words of the Psalmist come to our minds as we notice the mountain ranges of this country: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

As we look upon these rocky hills, towering in every direction, we cease to wonder that the strength and grandeur of this physical feature is woven into the old Jewish song and Psalm and proclamation. From Mt. Lebanon, nine thousand feet above the sea, on the north, to Hebron on the south, they stretch an unbroken range, save at the historic Plain of Esdraelon. From Hebron they slope to the Arabian desert and into the wonderful Jordan valley.

The town of Dan, in the north, is an interesting spot, which we will next study.

## THE NEW MOON.

DEAR mother, how pretty  
The moon looks to-night!  
She was never so cunning before;  
Her two little horns  
Are so sharp and so bright,  
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there  
With you and my friends,  
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;  
I'd sit in the middle  
And hold by both ends;  
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

I would call to the stars  
To keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes;  
And then I would rock  
Till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay  
In the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would  
    roam;  
We would see the sun set,  
And see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

For Every Other Sunday.

## LITTLE FOXES.

BY HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

GRACE climbed up onto the broad arm of her Uncle Haskell's chair, and, leaning against his shoulder, settled happily down. It was her confessional. Just before bedtime every evening since she could remember, Grace had nestled in this comfortable place to talk over the doings of the day,—its joys and successes, and its trials and disappointments. It was a comfortable way of finishing one day and of preparing to meet a new morning fresh with new hopes. To-night she was proud to report a perfect recitation of a paragraph of "jogefry" which every other pupil in her class had failed to learn; that every word in spelling was correct; and that in "fizology" she had named all the bones of the body with but one omission. Then after receiving praise and congratulation, she confessed that when her arithmetic paper was returned only one problem was marked as correct.

"And why was that?" questioned Uncle Haskell. He well knew there must be some reason why Gracie so often failed in her problems. Perhaps he guessed the reason, for Gracie had been his little girl nearly all her life. Both her parents died when she was a wee baby.

"Well—I s'pose," she answered, with a wise wrinkling of her brow; "I s'pose it was because I was hurrying so fast to have mine finised before Tom Tisdale had his done. We try 'most every day to see which one will be first, and I have to work so fast I don't have time to think. You see Tom can do examples as fast as—as an express train!"

"And are his correct?"

"Yes, they are," admitted Grace; "but you see," brightening, "he never knows how many of mine are wrong, and I'd rather do them all over again at home than to have him think I can't do examples as fast as he can."

"I see," said Uncle Haskell; but his tone was not very approving, Gracie thought.



COME AND PLAY.

## A BOY'S BELIEF.

It is n't much fun a-living  
If grandpa says what's true,  
That this is the jolliest time o' life  
That I'm a-passing through.  
I'm afraid he can't remember,  
It's been so awful long;  
I'm sure if he could recollect  
He'd know that he was wrong.  
Did he ever have, I wonder,  
A sister just like mine,  
Who'd take his skates, or take his kite,  
Or tangle up his twine?  
Did he ever chop the kindling,  
Or fetch in coal and wood,  
Or offer to turn the wringer?  
If he did, he was awful good.

In summer, it's "weed the garden,"  
In winter it's "shovel the snow,"  
For there is n't a single season  
But has its work, you know.  
And then when a fellow's tired,  
And hopes he may just sit still,  
It's "Bring me a pail of water, son,  
From the spring at the foot of the hill."  
How can grandpa remember  
A fellow's grief or joy?  
'Tween you and me, I don't believe  
He ever was a boy.  
Is this the jolliest time o' life?  
Believe it I never can;  
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy  
As a really grown-up man.

Harper's Young People.

"He can't learn jiggerfry half so fast as I can,—or spelling, and so he takes his books home every night so to have as much time as I do in school for extra reading."

"I see no harm in that," said Uncle Haskell; "but about the examples,—would it not be far better to take a little more time for thought, and thus have your first work correct?"

"But then I should n't beat!"

"Do you really win as it is, dear? What would you think if some other little girl did her work ever more hurriedly and incorrectly than yours, so that she might appear to be ahead of you—what would you think of her?"

"But I don't often have so many wrong as I did to-day."

"And yet how would you feel about the other little girl who did the same thing, only in a little more pronounced way?"

Gracie sat and considered, with her small head on one side. She was only a little girl in spite of her nine years. At last her eyes drooped, and she said:

"Uncle Haskell, I should say that little girl was almost a cheat!"

"Should you?" smiling kindly.

"Yes, Uncle Haskell, and I believe I must be almost a cheat too—tho' I didn't mean to be, of course. Somehow your little sins don't look like sins at all until you see them grown-up, do they?"

"It's a very good way of testing a thing to see whether it is right or wrong," said Uncle Haskell. "Just stop and think how it will look when it is grown a little older and stronger. Many a little act of kindness 'grown-up,' as you say, becomes a very beautiful thing; and a little unkind act, or even a suspicious thought shown in one's face, may do a world of harm before it dies."

"It does n't seem as if little things would count for so much," sighed Gracie, "and yet I know they do."

"Sometimes we are tempted to report little foolish things which some one whom we don't quite like has done or said," went on Uncle Haskell. "We tell nothing but the truth about them,—merely repeat what they themselves have said; and yet we are showing them in their very worst light."

"Yes," answered Gracie, humbly. She had often been tempted to do that.

"If we but stop and consider how very lenient we hope other people will be, when they chance to discover our worst faults, about revealing them to others, I think it would make us more generous about this, and more careful, don't you?"

"Ye-es," replied Gracie, slowly. "But, Uncle Haskell, it's ever so hard when you see all the others running after some new girl, and beginning to like her most better than they do you, not to speak before you think, and say,—'Yes; she is a very pretty little girl if she has got a pug nose and so many freckles, and she would be very nice if she wasn't so selfish'—why, Uncle Haskell, these things just say themselves, when you begin to be afraid some one else is going to be liked better than you are."

"I know, dear child, I know, and that is a feeling with which each one of us has to battle all his life. It is that which makes you unwilling to have Tom Tisdale finish his examples first, and which makes us ready to show to others the flaws we find in our friends. It is difficult to kill this spirit; but I know, dear, you are not afraid to attempt to excel in difficult things, and will soon overcome this spirit which, should you see it in any one else, would appear very hateful and ugly to you. There are a few people with whom we can trust even our little faults and follies, knowing that they will conceal them, and it is these people whom we most admire and love."

The evening talk had merged into a subject which was perhaps a little deep for a maiden of nine years; but Gracie was quite accustomed to such discussions, and enjoyed them, feeling quite grown-up and honored when Uncle Haskell talked with her almost

as he might have to an older person. Such talks helped the high-spirited little girl, and kept her ambitions pure and lofty, and her heart meek and humble. Any one who is a born leader and a natural favorite has temptations and trials greater than many people appreciate, but they also have broader opportunities for doing good than others.

Uncle Haskell knew that whatever spirit ruled his niece's proud little heart would be very apt to rule the playground whenever she was present.

Grace sat thinking for a long time, with her velvet cheek resting on Uncle Haskell's broad, white brow; at last she said:

"I don't suppose I ever really tried to cover up anybody's faults in my whole life—I've just told the truth about them whether it was necessary or not. It seems," with a sigh, "a very hard thing to do for a person you don't love."

"It is," replied Uncle Haskell; "but none too difficult for my brave little girl. It merely means making the best of everybody, and helping them to gain the good opinion of others,—will my little girl try it?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Haskell, and if there isn't any other name to it, I'm going to call it—being a real friend to everybody!"

"That's right, dear!" commended her uncle, as he kissed her good-night; "and beware, Gracie, beware of 'the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.'"

#### ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

ROBERT of Lincoln is going away;  
He's packing his trunk this very day.

He says he knows of a sunny land  
Where skies are bluer, the airs more bland.

He has heard that here wild north winds blow,  
Bringing cold weather with blinding snow.

So he's packing his trunk and going to leave,  
And naught will stay him, howe'er we grieve.

His trunk is the cup of an acorn round;  
And all snugly packed in it may be found

The things a musician uses to please—  
There are quavers and shakes and trills and these

All folded and laid where he knows how to find—  
He always brings out just what's to his mind—

Good-by, dear Robert, good-by, old fellow,  
We shall miss your flitting, the glimpse of yellow

Glancing about from bush to tree;  
But most we shall miss your minstrelsy.

Come back again with the laughing spring,  
And gladly we'll listen as gayly you sing.

*From "Good Housekeeping."*

*For Every Other Sunday.*

#### A VOYAGE TO LEARN.

BY LUCRETIA MACY GARDNER.

FLAGS were flying from the trig sailboat "Water Sprite," while Captain Denham, one of B—'s most reliable sea-dogs, paced restlessly up and down the pier.

"She's just struck two, and that's the time to be off. I allers do like to be on the tick," the captain soliloquized, as he turned his keen eyes toward the main street of the town. "How big a gang have ye?"

"Thirteen, I believe," was the reply from one of a jolly group that stood near.

"No, fourteen; Jennie's aunt is to be our chap-erone, and we're to take our suppers. Oh, what fun we'll have!" exclaimed a voice from the other side of the pier.

"Chappyrone! That's the new-fangled notion come in with the high-tide of big sleeves. I guess the old folks would laugh at all this backin' and fillin' about chappyrone. Well, I s'pose ye'll turn out better than we fellers who had to steer for ourselves! Hello! who's that? It's the skipper herself! but where's the other,—the chappyrone?" Captain Denham asked, with a sly twinkle, as he put a generous piece of tobacco into his mouth.

"Why, Jennie, dear, where is your aunt?" Grace Fisher asked of the rosy-cheeked, natty young girl who stepped upon the pier, as if sure of her popularity, and not displeased to be known as one of the summer visitors, "that jolly Jennie Campbell."

Jolly, she certainly was; but, alas! so often head-strong and arbitrary that the sedate townspeople shook their heads at her exploits, and trembled at the thought of how much discipline would be necessary to subdue her.

"Aunt Madge has a tearing headache; but as this birthday party is not to be postponed, off we go! and right off, please, captain," the girl said, in rather an imperious manner to the captain.

"Not too fast, slow and stiddy, my girl. Have ye your outside wraps, all of ye?" the captain inquired.

"Oh, yes, yes," Jennie answered, with a word in the aside to her companions as they took their places in the boat,— "He's so cautious, I think he'll kill me, sometimes—when I'm in a hurry, too;" and then to the captain, "Well, captain, even your eyes can't see any mackerel sky to-day, can you? I suppose you want to be extra cautious, as we have no chap-erone."

"Let's make Captain Denham our caretaker," suggested Alice Forbes, who, as she afterwards said, in the language of the captain, "saw breakers ahead."

"Chaperon! No, I for one don't want to hear the word. This is a birthday party. I'll imagine I am twenty-one to-day."

Thus, amid tooting of horns, waving of flags, and shouts of laughter, the "Water Sprite," with her gay company, left the pier. Oh, what words can describe the beauty of such an afternoon—every wave dancing madly, tossing the "Water Sprite" about like the tiniest shell! What jolly good times! What outbursts of merriment at the jests and stories, that made even the muscles of Captain Denham's weather-beaten face relax!

"You know we are going to the island, captain; we'll anchor, and eat supper. I'm hungry even now. What time is it?" the merry hostess asked.

"It's nigh on 4.30. Don't you think we'd better stop now?" the captain said quietly.

"What, now? Why, who ever thought of such a thing! It would be a 'four o'clock' instead of a supper. No, let's sail on. 'Sailing, sailing,' she sang.

"But, Miss Jennie, it's that sky I'm seeing," the captain said, calling her nearer to him.

"Well, what of that? Red! It's a good sign."

"Yes, sometimes; but there's as many sorts of red as roses. It's going to blow guns soon. I advise you to eat your good things now, and then we'll turn towards home."

"Home!" Jennie repeated, in a discontented voice; "I guess not. Who votes to go?"

"Tell 'em what I said," the captain interposed.

"Who'll take the risk? Those who want to go, raise their hands, and,—There, nine to go, and four to return! It's a vote; we go!"

In spite of all protests from the small minority, the fun went on, and the "Water Sprite" also, until at last the pangs of hunger would no longer be appeased; baskets were opened, and supper began in high glee.

A discordant note had entered, however. Alice

Forbes became more pale and anxious, as she whispered, "I think I heard thunder."

"Nonsense, it's the wind in the sails! Come, Croaky, cheer up—have some more salad!"

Just as the young hostess turned to wait upon her, a sudden lurch hurled the baskets from their places.

"A squall! Sit perfectly still, and do what I tell you!" Captain Denham commanded.

What a panic-stricken company those ungoverned young creatures became! The clouds grew darker and darker; although only five o'clock, it seemed like midnight; thunder crashed, lightning flashed, the "Water Sprite" thrashed from one side to the other.

Not a word was spoken; the captain gave his orders in firm but grave tones.

"Come up here, some of you; there are too many in one place."

Suddenly the entire heavens seemed illumined by a weird light that fell upon the colorless faces of that subdued company. It was one of the times that added furrows in Captain Denham's already seamed face.

The buoyant young lives that had started out so merrily felt the solemnity of the scene. They never knew how long the suspense actually lasted, but in the interval a life-time was lived. They realized, as never before, how slight the span between this world and the next.

"Take your places again. Steady, steady!" Captain Denham said, "I think the worst is over; and, thank God, we'll be safe home in less than a quarter of an hour."

"I do not feel worthy to thank him. Home! did you say, Captain?" Jennie Campbell asked, in a voice that betrayed her hour's experience. "Home!" she repeated; "do you know, I thought once we should never reach the one we had left. I have learned a lesson, Captain Denham. Perhaps it is as good a day for it as any,—only, I had no right to risk these lives. Captain, you knew best. Will you forgive me for questioning you? There's the pier. Come, girls and boys, let's sing 'Home again.'"

When the last notes died away, there was a loud cheering from the shore, which was lined with anxious men and women who knew the "Water Sprite" was not at her moorings. When the excitement had subsided, Jennie Campbell, who seemed to have become a woman, placed her hand in the brown one of the captain, and said,—

"You have cured me of my wilfulness; but, please, please, Captain Denham, forgive me!"

"Steady, steady, my hearty!" the captain answered, as he brushed away the tears with his sleeve; "why, we all have to go several voyages to learn, but I reckon ye've got your experience all in one."

For Every Other Sunday.

### THE STOLEN CAP.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

CARRIE danced away to school with a hop and a skip and a jump, for mamma had promised her some new low shoes, and after lessons were over that day they were to go and buy them.

No wonder she was happy, and told the precious news to her dearest friend, Ida Warren, long before they reached the schoolhouse.

Her little blue cap waved its tassel gayly as she skipped along, greeting her playmates with a merry word and a smile.

But when school was over, it was a sorrowful little girl that trudged home, for the blue cap with its silk tassel was nowhere to be found.

"I've hunted and hunted, mamma, all over the dressing-room and everywhere, and Ida helped me, and Miss Lewis looked too, and we couldn't find it anywhere, and somebody's stolen it, I know," said a tearful little voice, pouring out its woes to mamma the minute she entered the house.

Mamma could not help smiling at the funny figure of her little girl with a handkerchief tied over her head, but said kindly:—

"Well, I'm very sorry, dear, but I can't think anybody would steal it. Surely there is no little girl in your school who would do anything of that kind. Perhaps it will come to light tomorrow; we will hope so at any rate. Get your hat and we will go and see if there are any shoes to fit a little girl about your size."

Carrie ran for her hat, saying, "There's one girl I think would take it, mamma, and that's Josie Gray, and I should n't wonder a bit if she's got it now."

"Who is Josie Gray, and why should you think so ill of her, my dear?" asked mamma in surprise.

"She's a new girl, and she's awful poor, I guess, for her clothes are old and don't look nice at all," replied Carrie.

"That is no reason why you should think she is not a nice little girl, or that she would do anything so wrong as to take what did not belong to her, Carrie, so be very careful not to judge her wrongly or say such a thing to anybody, for you might do her great harm."

But Carrie, instead of driving out the unkind thought, let it stay in her heart, and turned it over and patted it, until in her own mind she was very sure that Josie was a thief and had stolen her cap. It takes such a little time for a naughty thought to grow!

The next morning was warm and bright, and Carrie did not wear her coat as usual, but her little cape. She lost no time in telling Ida very softly that she was sure Josie Gray had taken her cap, but not to say a word about it to anybody.

Two or three others were let into the secret, and there was much whispering about, and at recess they all kept away from Josie, and she could see they were talking about her.

She was a quiet little girl, and was only just getting acquainted, and it made her feel very badly to see the unkind looks and actions. She could not guess what it was all about until one girl let out the secret, saying loud enough for her to hear,—

"Keep away from Josie Gray; she's stolen Carrie's cap."

Distressed by the unkind words, she gave one imploring glance at her schoolmates, and without a word ran sobbing and crying into the schoolhouse.

The teacher tried to learn what the trouble was, but Josie would not tell tales of her schoolmates, and only shook her head and sobbed bitterly.

Carrie's conscience troubled her as she walked home that noon, and she did not feel at all happy, though she and Ida talked very busily about what Josie had said and done, and she tried to feel sure that the story she had started was true.

"Where do you think I found your cap?" asked mamma, merrily holding up the little blue tasselled affair as her daughter came in.

Carrie stared at it as if it frightened her, and said breathlessly, "Where, mamma?"

"In your coat sleeve, tucked away as nicely as could be, and you were the little thief yourself. Now aren't you glad you did not blame any one unjustly?"

"But, oh, mamma I did," she said sorrowfully, and burst into tears, and then told mamma all about it.

How sorry they both felt that a little girl's heart had been made to ache so over the cruel story!

Mamma went with her to school that afternoon and tried to make amends for the wrong done.

Josie was very sweet and forgiving, though the red eyes showed how she had grieved, and Carrie did her best to make her happy, lending her jump-ropes and sharing her apple with her. Before many days she had learned that her little friend, though her clothes were old and faded, was a very nice playmate, and together they had many a good frolic.

But Carrie never forgot about the cruel story that might have done so much more harm.

### THE VOICE OF A FISH.

To most people the notion that fishes have voices would seem rather absurd. Yet there are many species which seem to talk, and even sing. Some familiar ones, like the bluefish, croak when they are pulled out of the water. They do likewise in their native element, and often in concert, producing quite musical effects. Crews of ships have been startled on occasions by extraordinary noises, like the beating of many drums in the distance. Likewise produced by fishes were sounds heard by Lieutenant White, United States Navy, in 1824, at the mouth of a river in Cambodia. They suggested a mixture of the bass of the organ, the ringing of bells, and the tones of an enormous harp. In Chilian waters musical cadences are sometimes heard rising from the sea and covering four notes, resembling the tones of harpstrings. The "maigres" are famous for their vocal powers, emitting loud whistlings and hummings. The way in which fishes make these noises is as yet a mystery. Fishermen in eastern Asia are said to hang little bells on the ends of their nets to attract fishes. — *Selected.*

### OUR PULPIT.

#### LIGHTS.

*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*—PSALMS cxix. 105.

CHILDREN, why do we carry a lantern at night? To give us light. Do we carry it high up, on our heads? No, we want it near the ground, so that it may be a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path, to keep us out of the ditches and from the fences, and show us the way. The Bible is God's word; and our text, speaking of him, says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." It was given so as to show where the soul should walk, and to keep it from danger. Did you ever see the headlight on the railroad engine? It flashes its light ahead on the rail track, so that the engineer sees whether the road is all right or not. So the Bible flashes its light ahead on the road of life, that we may see the dangers.

At the depot you see on posts different kinds of lamps. There are lamps with white light, green light, and red light. One night, travelling in Pennsylvania, the train stopped at a small station over an hour. One man grew impatient, and, stepping out of the car, said to the conductor, "Why don't you go on?" "Do you see that red light at the depot?" said the conductor. "That means danger ahead. I dare not pass that; if I did there would be a wreck." How often in our lives does the Bible hang out the red light,—danger ahead! It tells us that some things lead to destruction. It is ever watching and warning. Oh, watch when the red light shines! The red light says, "Stop the train; don't go on." So when boys get into bad company, go to the saloon, begin to cheat, use bad words, stop going to church, the Bible hangs out the red lamp, and says, "Stop!" When girls get vain, dressy, giddy, the Bible says, "Danger!" Watch its signals.

The green light at the station says, "Caution; more slowly; be careful." So the Bible often hangs out the green light, so that we may not be hasty, but examine things. It tells us to try the things, to see whether they are right or not. Boys and girls are often hasty; they jump at things, when if they were more cautious they would see the wolf under the sheep's skin, and danger. "Take heed to thyself," and to everything around you.

The white light at the depot says, "All right on the road; go ahead." So when we are on the road to heaven, and doing right and thinking right, the Bible says, "Go ahead." Watch the Bible lights, and do as they direct.

## LETTER-BOX.

## BULLETIN.



## EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor hears now and then of boys and girls who are intending to write letters for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY; indeed, some have letters half ready, but play and study prevent the finishing. We wait; we expect. The Letter-Box, you will see, has not even a notelet this number.

The Editor receives hints, now by letter, now by a visitor to his office, that EVERY OTHER SUNDAY does not contain enough reading matter for the youngest. If this is so, what can we do? Many reasons there are why we do not print more for the "toddlers" and the "primaries." It is hard to find good stories for that age. The most difficult thing is to write sensibly and interestingly for little children. Again, our paper is small, and we must serve the larger number. Again, we do not believe in writing down too much. Have you not heard ministers talk down to children, and the result was—nonsense? Again, parents and teachers ought to make the stories and articles in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY over in their own way to the youngest, explain, and put them into child words. This is far better than serving out weak gruel for the young mind. Again, if too much is printed for the very youngest, then the older children will call EVERY OTHER SUNDAY a baby paper, and drop it.

So the case is not easy to settle. The Editor believes that we need another paper, smaller than EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, devoted to the little children; but for the publishing of it, as yet, no money appears. Meanwhile we will do our best to make this little sheet serve the largest number of our Sunday-School pupils, subject to errors of judgment and editorial shortcomings many.

Will teachers and parents who really feel interested in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY send to the Editor their advice on this subject? So, too, let the young readers free their minds. We ask your frank, friendly help.

Now, a word about the way to help EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. Do you like it? Is it a welcome friend? Then see that your Sunday School has it in a regular bundle. The Editor thinks that it would pay every school to buy the paper and give it to the pupils, paying for the copies out of the school treasury. Two things make a Sunday School attractive,—a bright popular service and song book and a paper. Both ought to be provided free. They aid the teacher and superintendent to gain pupils and to hold them in the school.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals spell the name of a great religious leader; the finals, the name of a Christian denomination.

1. A bit.
2. A favorite hero in fiction.
3. A great benefactor of Oriental women.
4. A street in Boston.
5. The name of a State.
6. A celebrated historian.
7. The title of a Turkish official.
8. A name given to Scotland in old histories.
9. A name applied to Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

WALTER and ELEANOR FURMAN.

## BEHEADED WORDS.

1. I AM used for sweeping. Beheaded, I am what I sweep.
2. I am to wander. Beheaded, I am used by a waiter; again, and I am a beam of light.
3. I am to fetch. Beheaded, I am worn on the finger.
4. I am to dip up. Beheaded I am where chickens are kept.

WALTER BENNETT.

## PI PUZZLE.

Ton thygmi edds keam pu het msu  
Fo ppassenah wloeb,  
Tub tillet tsca fo dlissenikn  
Chhiw yna eno yma wols.

## ANAGRAMS.

1. DINK sordw acn veern edi. NELLIE SCHRAMM.
2. Erhwe srhete a liwl, trshe a ayw. LULU PACKARD.

## ENIGMA XII.

I AM composed of twenty-one letters.

- My 10, 7, 12, 4, is not fat.  
My 1, 2, 20, 10, is a book in the Old Testament.  
My 15, 19, 5, 3, is not low.  
My 14, 3, 16, 17, 11, is a color.  
My 18, 8, 20, 17, 15, are part of the mouth.  
My 14, 21, 8, 9, is a bird.  
My 13, 20, 6, 9, is something that grows in the woods.  
My whole is a noted poet.

FRANCES LOCKEY.

## ENIGMA XIII.

I AM composed of twenty-seven letters.

- My 8, 23, 16, 10, 26, is opposite of sour.  
My 18, 1, 22, is what cattle eat.  
My 2, 17, 24, 10, 16, 12, is a road.  
My 8, 18, 3, 16, is an article of wearing apparel.  
My 4, 3, 13, 11, is a number.  
My 18, 25, 7, 15, 6, 27, is a girl's name.  
My 14, 21, 20, is uncoked.  
My 13, 2, 26, 10, 24, is a flower.  
My 9, 10, 5, is not dry.  
My whole is in Proverbs.

## ENIGMA XIV.

I AM composed of seventeen letters.

- My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is pleasant to taste.  
My 1, 7, 8, 9, is opposite of sweet.  
My 1, 14, 15, is to speak.  
My 2, 3, 4, 12, is to shed tears.  
My 2, 7, 16, is sorrow.  
My 2, 4, 5, is not dry.  
My 4, 14, 5, is to satisfy hunger.  
My 3, 13, 13, is to do wrong.  
My 3, 15, 16, is in the head.  
My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a division of time.  
My 6, 10, 12, is to jump.  
My 6, 14, 11, 5, is a handle.  
My whole is a well-known hymn.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 3.

Anagram. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

- Enigma V. Constantinople.  
Enigma VI. Bartolomé Esteban Murillo.  
Enigma VII. Seek and ye shall find.  
Charade. Utah.

## ARITHMOREM.

1. Lillian; 2. Mabel; 3. Gladys; 4. Muriel; 5. Dorothy; 6. Constance; 7. Rosalind; 8. Elsie.

## WORD SQUARE.

W A S P  
A N N A  
S N O W  
P A W N

## SCRIPTURE SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Philip, the evangelist, who lived in Caesarea (Acts xxi. 8, 9).
2. The conies, because, being themselves feeble, they make their houses in the rocks (Prov. xxx. 24, 26).
3. The sons of Nabor, Abraham's brother, and Milcah (Gen. xxii. 20, 21).
4. Nehemiah, to King Artaxerxes (Neh. i. 11, ii. 1).

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, held at Providence, R. I., October 16 and 17, was a great success in every aspect. The speaking was of high order, the attendance exceptionally large, the spirit very earnest. It is evident that a new purpose has secured place in the Unitarian heart. The young people are to be cultivated; the children are to be trained,—cultivated into lovers of religion; trained into loyal members of our faith.

DELEGATES in larger numbers than ever before were on hand. The Directors' Report gave many interesting and encouraging facts, for which we have not space here. One hundred and eighty-eight churches, or Sunday Schools, contributed to the funds of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, as against one hundred and thirteen a few years ago. This total is by far the highest ever reached. Yet there is no reason why this number should not grow to 250 or 300. What is more important than the Sunday-School work? Into what treasury can money for our common cause be more wisely put?

AN APPEAL was made for more endowment funds. The Unitarian Sunday-School Society already has five of moderate size. Here is an opportunity for men and women of resources to do a good act, a sensible deed. It might well gratify any person to know that under his or her name the belief and gospel he or she cherishes is being spread and confirmed among those who are to follow us.

PUBLICATIONS. Now ready: "A Catechism of Liberal Faith," by Rev. C. F. Dole. pp. 112. Cloth, 35 cents per copy; \$3.50 per dozen. Paper covers, 20 cents per copy; \$1.80 per dozen.

Also a revised edition of "Unitarian Catechism," by Rev. Minot J. Savage, can be ordered of us. pp. 67. Cloth, 30 cents; per dozen, \$2.50. Paper, 20 cents; per dozen, \$1.50.

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Eleven subjects in the current leaflet lessons on "The Teaching of Jesus" have been treated. This course is meeting with great favor. Primary, illustrated, by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, four-page leaflet, 50 cents per hundred. Intermediate and advanced printed together on four pages, 50 cents per hundred; the first by Rev. Edward A. Horton, the second by Rev. T. R. Slicer.

The Annual Report of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society Directors, read at Providence, R. I., in October, is now out in pamphlet form. Copies will be sent to any address on application, without cost. It also contains the list of contributing churches and Sunday Schools and new announcements.

Send for the new catalogue, just out.

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